

# WORLD'S HOME MAGAZINE.

## THE MOST POPULAR OF MILLIONAIRES.

Young Cornelius Vanderbilt, Lover and Worker, in Whose Illness All New York Was Interested, and for Whose Recovery There Was an Earnest and General Wish.

THERE has been as much public interest in Cornelius Vanderbilt's illness as if he were a high official of some kind, instead of a simple citizen. The sympathy of everybody has been with him and his family, and from all lips has come the wish that he might recover.

The announcement on Christmas eve by his physician, Dr. Austin Flint, that he was virtually out of danger, has been the cause of genuine rejoicing in many households where he is known only as a name.

Why is this? Why have people concerned themselves so deeply about the stricken young millionaire?

There are dozens of other millionaires as young as he—and older, too—who might sicken and die, and few outside of their relatives and immediate friends would care a rap what happened to them.

What is there about this young man that is different from the other money-plugged or money-cursed young fellows—

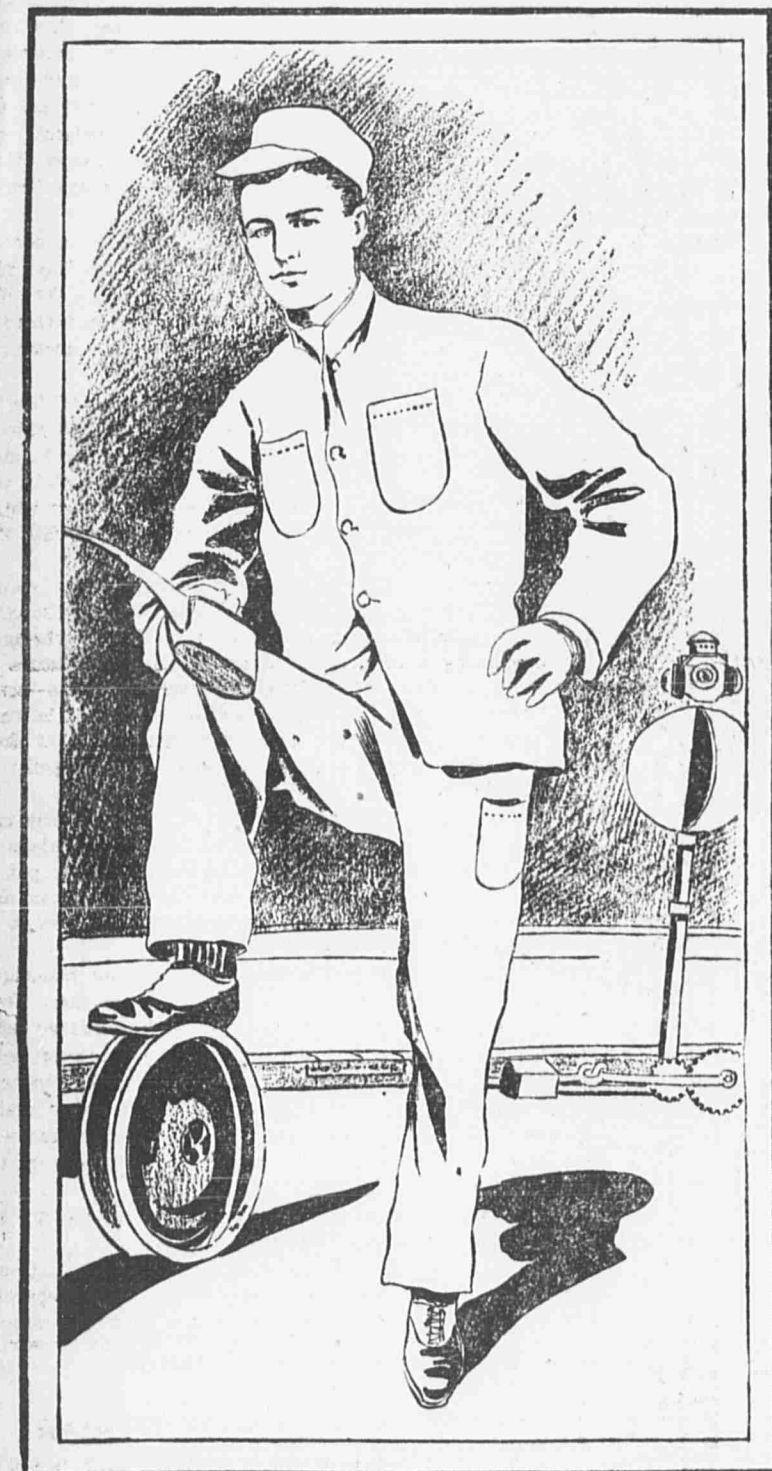
ferent from the ordinary young man with an income of \$300,000 as a steam engine is from a butterfly. And this the public has found out. By his marriage to Miss Grace Wilson young Vanderbilt forfeited the good will of his entire family and \$45,000,000 which would have been his inheritance as eldest son. He was not disheartened by the great loss in wealth and prestige resulting from his marriage.

Since his quarrel with his father he has worked incessantly and with good results.

He began by inventing a locomotive fire-box which, because it rarely gets out of repair, keeps down the yearly expenses of every railroad that uses it.

What is now known as the Vanderbilt type of boiler, an elaboration of his original invention, saves fuel and economizes power as well. Recently he invented a tank car for carrying oil and also a coal car with a capacity of over fifty tons. A brake and many other minor appliances used in railroading

are his work.



CORNELIUS VANDERBILT IN OVERALLS.

How the Young Millionaire is Dressed When at Work in the Railroad Shops.

and old fellows, too—that has endeared him to a large number of the American people?

The picture printed here, which shows Mr. Vanderbilt in his working clothes, is a partial answer to these questions. The romance which first brought him into public attention supplies the rest of the answer.

Although worth \$10,000,000, he works every day of his life. He is as much at home in an engine room-house as he is in a parlor, and as familiar with the locomotive fireman's shovel as he is with the pen with which he signs his checks.

This is why ever since the fact that Mr. Vanderbilt has been stricken with typhoid fever became known the public has shown a deep interest in his condition—a wholly personal interest, different from that which would greet a similar announcement regarding most any other millionaire.

For days sympathetic crowds collected about the great house at No. 22 Park avenue, where the young man lay at the point of death, and many and anxious were the inquiries made by personal strangers to the family at the Vanderbilt home and at numerous newspaper offices.

"All the world loves a lover," quoted a superficial person in discussing this popular interest in Mr. Vanderbilt's condition; but there are much better reasons for the esteem in which the young man is held than the mere fact that he saved his father's anger to marry and forfeited his rights as eldest son to marry the girl of his choice. All the world loves a worker, too, and Cornelius Vanderbilt is a worker.

In appearance Mr. Vanderbilt is quite ordinary, in manner boyish and democratic, but he has many remarkable qualities which make him an

also owe their origin to his fertile brain. He frequently goes to the Baldwin locomotive works in Philadelphia, dons a pair of overalls, and puts in a hard day's work beside the mechanics employed there, emerging from the shop at night as grimy and greasy as any of the 33-day men.

Last summer at Newport when he was invited to go along on one of the trial trips of the new torpedo boat Stringham, he surprised the naval experts by appearing in overalls and a skull cap and by spending the entire four hours of the trip in the engine room hobnobbing with stokers and engineers.

As a member of the Twelfth Regiment young Vanderbilt takes an active interest in military affairs and no one is more popular with the men than the millionaire lieutenant.

He is not only a director of the Lackawanna Iron & Steel Company, and a trustee of the New York Life Insurance & Trust Company, but also in the Rapid Transit Subway Construction Company, and John B. McDonald regards him as one of his most valuable men. It was he who suggested the loop in the tail of the coat and under the Post Office, as was at first thought necessary. This suggestion was the means of saving at least \$1,000,000 to the company.

Mr. Vanderbilt's favorite recreations are yachting and polo playing, but he never enjoys himself so much as when clad in overalls, he tinkers with a locomotive in the company of firemen and engineers.

**CANADA'S MINE EXPORTS.**  
Products of the mine exported from Canada have increased in value from an average of \$5,000,000 before 1894 to \$40,000,000 in the fiscal year 1901.

## LIKE NO OTHER LOVE BY CHARLOTTE BRAEME.

A Case in Which a Young Man Must Choose Between His Mother and a Sweetheart.

### Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.

Sir Carlos, a headstrong youth, falls in love with Maggie Walden, a beautiful girl, and goes to his estate at Firkholme to win his mother's consent to the wedding.

Lady Carew explains what a mistake Carlos would make in marrying a girl so far below him in station, and refuses consent to the union. Carlos and Maggie are married secretly and go to Italy on their honeymoon.

Carlos soon wears of his vulgar, bad-tempered wife, and takes advantage of a Parliamentary election to return home, leaving her in Italy, and promising to return to her soon. On arriving in England he engages a valet named Hiram West, who loves Maggie, and who suspects that her disappearance is due to Carlos. West secretly vows that, should his suspicion prove correct, he will kill Sir Carlos.

### CHAPTER IV.

#### The Death-Ring.

A N hour after engaging his new valet, Sir Carlos met Lady Gladys Kerr, the Baroness's niece.

Her high-bred beauty, combined with her aristocratic charm of manner and her gentleness, struck as a forcible contrast to the woman he had married, and again he cursed his lot as he realized how lovable Lady Gladys was and how eagerly she listened to his every utterance.

Later in the morning, the four members of the house party went for a tour of the Firkholme picture gallery. There, among other curios Carlos showed them a large plain ruby ring.

"How harmless it looks," said he, "yet by pressing this secret spring a deadly poison veils up from under the stone. It belonged to an ancestor of ours. It is a death-ring."

As they left the gallery, Lady Carew paused on the terrace.

As they stood there, the morning post arrived, bearing among other mail two letters for Carlos.

Both bore an Italian postmark. He knew, without reading them, that they were angry appeals from Maggie that she might come to England to be acknowledged as his wife. A deep shadow seemed to fall over the fair smiling landscape.

"There is nothing of consequence in them," he said, thrusting the letters into his pocket. "I will read them later on."

"How beautiful the mere (fake) looks from here!" observed Lady Carew.

He was impatient and angry—so angry that he could not speak civilly. He raised his head and said: "What right has she to write to me?"

"The more?" he said. "I do not agree with you mother. If I had my own way, I would have it filled up and have a grassy knoll in its place crowned with trees."

They were idle words—he had forgotten them five minutes afterward; but, so far as his mother was concerned, no idle wish was ever left unfulfilled. She immediately resolved that the alteration should be made the next time he left home. It would be a pleasant surprise for him.

Lady Gladys said nothing, but thought he was mistaken. Nothing, in her opinion, was more beautiful than the glimmer of water through forest trees. Every word of the conversation came back to her afterward.

Pushing the letters still deeper into his pocket that he might forget them, if possible, the more easily, Sir Carlos repeated of his ill-humor. What right had he to vent it on the pretty maid or on his loving mother? In a sudden fit of compunction he bent and kissed her hand.

The next six weeks passed like a dream to Sir Carlos. He was defeated at the election for Parliament, but that did not seem to trouble him;—in his heart he was more pleased than if he had been successful. Then he would have had to live for some part of the year in London, whither he must perforce take Maggie—he shuddered as he thought of it—now he could hide himself with her abroad.

The truth came to him in all its bitterness. It was but a boy's foolish unreasoning love that he had had for Maggie. He had seen the woman who ought to have been his wife—beautiful, refined, high-bred Lady Gladys Kerr. Not that he was base enough to try to win her affection, but he saw that for the asking it might have been his. He saw that his mother desired it and hoped for nothing better. He saw too that Lady Gladys liked him.

The letter she gave him was from Maggie. His face darkened when he saw it, and darkened still more when he read it.

That evening Sir Carlos stood in his dressing-room, sick at heart, and with a nameless dread wishing the dinner, the dance and everything else over.

"Which side will you wear, Sir Carlos?" asked the attentive valet, holding

out the jewel case for his inspection.

"Oh, any—perhaps the diamond set will be best!" he answered, raising his troubled eyes.

The set of diamond studs were magnificent; they were a present from his mother on his twenty-first birthday.

Very handsome he looked in his evening dress. As Hiram West fastened the magnificent solitaires in the white cuffs he looked at his master and thought that if such diamonds were his he would not be so miserable. He saw Sir Carlos take out a letter, read it with knitted brows, and then hold it over the lamp until the whole of it was consumed.

The valet would have given his right hand to read that letter; but he bowed obsequiously as Sir Carlos asked for something, and then watched him descend the stairs.

The flowers, the brilliant lights, the fair faces of the women, their jewels and dresses, all seemed to whirl before Sir Carlos.

He talked to Lady Gladys, took her into dinner, danced with her, and all the

while he was learning to love him. When Lady Gladys left he would return and tell his mother all, and then take her to Italy with him.

A dinner party to be followed by a dance was arranged for the 24 of June. On that morning, and for the first time, Lady Carew commented on Sir Carlos's foreign letter.

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